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## THE CRUCIFIXION OF PHILIP STRONG.

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**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS**  
In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published:

Philip Strong, a minister, receives two calls, one to a college town, where he may live a quiet, scholarly life, to his liking, the other to a manufacturing town where there is plenty of work to do among the laboring classes. He accepts the more active field. Philip discovers that a number of his wealthy parishioners have property rented for saloons and gambling houses. He interviews one of them and is advised that he had better not stir up the matter. The next Sunday he preaches upon the subject, and Mr. Winter, one of his most prominent parishioners, having property rented for such purposes, rises from his seat and walks out of the church. The next morning Winter calls on the minister and resents what he calls an insult to himself, then, threatening to withdraw his support from the church, retires in high dudgeon. The sermon creates great excitement, and the next Sunday a large crowd attends Philip's church, expecting a sensational sermon; but Philip disappoints them, preaching on a different subject entirely. Philip attacks the saloons and preaches against them to a large congregation. He calls upon his people to join with him in an attempt to exterminate them. Later he leaves his house to visit a sick child, and a man on the opposite side of the street fires two shots at him. Philip has been severely though not mortally wounded. His assassin is arrested, and at Philip's request, is brought before him. Philip assures him that he bears him no ill will and prays for him. Philip preaches on the Sunday question and makes his enemies. Coming home one evening, he finds his wife in a faint on the floor, a knife stuck into the desk and two anonymous scrawls, one addressed "To the Preacher," the other "To the Preacher's Wife." They were warnings to leave the town. The minister's wife begs her husband to leave the field for another, but instead he prepares to continue the war against the devil there and in his own fashion. Philip admonishes his parishioners by proposing to move their church edifice into the tenement district. He speaks to the laboring men at their hall and unintentionally influences them against the rich by holding up the selfishness of many rich people. When he goes home, he is informed that a mob is threatening Mr. Winter at his residence. Philip goes to the scene and rescues Mr. Winter from the mob. Philip preaches against wasteful expenditures when the poor are in need and is visited by a stranger who asks for food and shelter, who tells his benefactor that he lives too extravagantly for one who preaches against extravagance. Philip calls him "Brother Man." "Brother Man" who encourages him. The section of Philip's church, a Negro, is converted and desires to join the church. Philip presents the name of the section to the church committee on admission, and the candidate receives a majority of the votes cast.

### CHAPTER XVI.

The day was beautiful and the church as usual crowded to the doors. There was a feeling of hardly concealed excitement on the part of Calvary church. The action of Thursday night had been sharply criticised. Very many thought Philip had gone beyond his right in bringing such an important subject before so small a meeting of the members, and the prospect of the approaching baptism and communion of the sexton had drawn in a crowd of people who ordinarily staid away from that service.

Philip generally had no preaching on communion Sunday. This morning he remained on the platform after the opening exercises, and in a stillness which was almost painful in its intensity he began to speak in a low but clear and impressive voice:

"Fellow disciples of the church of Christ on earth, we meet to celebrate the memory of that greatest of all beings, who, on the eve of his own greatest agony, prayed that his disciples might all be one. In that prayer he said nothing about color or race or difference of speech or social surroundings. His prayer was that his disciples might all be one—one in their aims, in their purposes, their sympathy, their faith, their hope, their love."

"An event has happened in this church very recently which makes it necessary for me to say these words. The Holy Spirit came into this room last Sunday and touched the hearts of several young men, who gave themselves then and there to the Lord Jesus Christ. Among the men was one of another race than the Anglo-Saxon. He was a black man. His heart was melted by the same love, his mind illuminated by the same truth. He desired to make confession of his belief, be baptized according to the commands of Jesus and unite with this church as a humble disciple of the lowly Nazarene. His name was presented with the rest at the regular committee meeting last Monday, and that committee, by a vote of 3 to 2, refused to present his name with recommendations for membership. On my own responsibility at the preparatory service Thursday night I asked the church to act upon this disciple's name. There was a legal quorum of the church present. By a vote of 26 to 12 the applicant for membership was received according to the rules of this church."

"But after that meeting the man came to me and said that he was unwilling to unite with the church, knowing that some objected to his membership. It was a natural feeling for him to have. We had a long talk over the matter. Since then I have learned that if a larger representation of members had been present at the preparatory meeting there is a possibility that the number voting against receiving the applicant would have been much larger than those who voted for him."

"Under all these circumstances I have deemed it my duty to say what I have thus far said and to ask the church to take the action I now propose. We are met here this morning in full membership. Here is a soul just led out of the darkness by the spirit of truth. He is one known to many of you as an honest, worthy man, for many years faithful in the discharge of his duties in this house. There is no Christian reason why he should be denied fellowship around this table. I wish, therefore, to ask the members of the church to vote again on the acceptance or rejection of Henry Roland, disciple of Jesus, who has asked for permission to this body of Christ in his name. Will all those in favor of thus receiving our brother into the great family of faith signify it by raising the right hand?"

For a moment not a person in the church stirred. Every one seemed smitten into astonished inaction by the sudden proposal of the minister. Then hands began to go up. Philip caught them his heart beating with anguish as he foresaw the coming result. He waited a minute—it seemed to many like several minutes—and then said, "All those opposed to the admission of the applicant signify it by the same sign."

Again there was the same significant, reluctant pause, then half a dozen hands went up in front of the church. Instantly from almost every part of the house hands went up in numbers that almost doubled those who had voted in favor of admission. From the gallery on the sides, where several of Philip's workmen friends sat, a hiss arose. It was slight, but heard by the entire congregation. Philip glanced up there, and it instantly ceased.

Without another word he stepped down from the platform and began to read the list of those who had been received into church membership. He had almost reached the end of it when a person whose name was called last rose from his seat near the front, where all the newly received members were in the habit of sitting together, and, turning partly around so as to face the congregation and still address Philip, he said:

"Mr. Strong, I do not feel as if, after what has taken place here this morning, I could unite with this church. This man who has been excluded from church membership is the son of a woman born into slavery on the estate of one of my relatives. That slave woman once nursed her master through a terrible illness and saved his life. This man, her son, was then a little child. But in the strange changes that have gone on since the war the son of the old master has been reduced to poverty and obliged to work for a living. He is now in this town. He is this very day lying upon a sick bed in the tenement district. And this black man has for several weeks out of his small earnings helped the son of his mother's master and cared for him through his illness with all the devotion of a friend."

"I have only lately learned these facts. But, knowing them as I do and believing that he is as worthy to sit about this table as any Christian here, I cannot reconcile the rejection with my own purpose to unite here. I therefore desire to withdraw my application for membership here. Mr. Strong, I desire to be baptized and partake of the communion as a disciple of Christ simply, not as a member of Calvary church. Can I do so?"

Philip replied in a choking voice, "You can." The man sat down. It was not the place for any demonstration, but again from the gallery came a slight but distinct note of applause. As before, it instantly subsided as Philip looked up. For a moment every one held his breath and waited for the minister's action. Philip's face was pale and stern. What his sensitive nature suffered in that moment no one ever knew, not even his wife, who almost started from her seat, fearing that he was about to faint. For a moment there was a hesitation about Philip's manner so unusual with him that some thought he was going to leave the church. But he quickly called on his will to assert its power, and, taking up the regular communion service, he calmly took charge of it as if nothing out of the way had occurred. He did not even allude to the morning's incident in his prayers. Whatever else the people might think of Philip they certainly could find no fault with his self-possession. His conduct of the service on that memorable Sunday was admirable.

When it was over, he was surrounded by different ones who had taken part either for or against the sexton. There was much said about the matter. But all the arguments and excuses and comments on the affair could not remove the heartache from Philip. He could not reconcile the action of the church with the spirit of the church's Master, Jesus, and when he finally reached home and calmly reviewed the

events of the morning he was more and more grieved for the church and for his Master. It seemed to him that a great mistake had been made and that Calvary church had disgraced the name of Christianity.

As he had been in the habit of doing since he moved into the neighborhood of the tenements, Philip went out in the afternoon to visit the sick and the sorrowful. The shutting down of the mills had resulted in an immense amount of suffering and trouble. As spring came on some few of the mills had opened, and men had found work in them at a reduction of wages. The entire history of the enforced idleness of thousands of men in Milton during that eventful winter would make a large volume of thrilling narrative. Philip's story touches on this other. He had grown rapidly familiar with the different phases of life which loafed and idled and drank itself away during that period of inaction. Hundreds of men had drifted away to other places in search of work. Almost as many more had taken to the road to swell the ever increasing number of professional tramps and in time to develop into petty thieves and criminals. But those who remained had a desperate struggle with poverty. Philip grew sick at heart as he went among the people and saw the complete helplessness, the utter estrangement of sympathy and community of feeling between the church people and these representatives of the physical labor of the world. Every time he went out to do his visiting this feeling deepened in him. This Sunday afternoon in particular it seemed to him as if the depression and discouragement of the tenement district weighed on him like a great burden, bearing him down to the earth with sorrow and heartache.

He had been in the habit of going out to communion Sunday with the emblems of Christ to observe the rite by the bedside of the aged or ill or those who could not get out to church. He carried with him this time a basket containing a part of the communion service. After going to the homes of one or two invalid church members he thought of the person who had been mentioned by the man in the morning as living in the tenement district and in a critical condition. He had secured his address, and after a little inquiry he soon found himself in a part of the tenements near to him.

He climbed up three flights of stairs and knocked at the door. It was opened by the sexton. He greeted Philip with glad surprise.

The minister smiled sadly. "So, my brother, it is true you are serving your Master here? My heart is grieved at the action of the church this morning."

"Don't say anything, Mr. Strong. You did all you could, but you are just in time to see him." The sexton pointed into a small back room. "He is going fast. I didn't suppose he was so near. I would have asked you to come, but I didn't think he was failing so."

Philip followed the sexton into the room. The son of the old slave master



The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room.

was sinking rapidly. He was conscious, however, and at Philip's quiet question concerning his peace with God a smile passed over his face, and he moved his lips. Philip understood him. A sudden thought occurred to Philip. He opened the basket, took out the bread and wine, set them on the small table and said:

"Disciple of Jesus, would you like to partake of the blessed communion once more before you see the King in his glory?"

The gleam of satisfaction in the man's eyes told Philip enough. The sexton said in a low voice, "He belonged to the southern Episcopal church in Virginia." Something in the wistful look of the sexton gave Philip an inspiration for what followed.

"Brother," he said, turning to the sexton, "what is to hinder your baptism and partaking of the communion? Yes, this is Christ's church wherever his true disciples are."

Then the sexton brought a basin of water, and as he knelt down by the side of the bed Philip baptized him with the words: "I baptize thee, Henry, my brother, disciple of Jesus, into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost! Amen."

"Amen," murmured the man on the bed. And Philip, still standing as he was, bowed his head, saying, "Blessed Lord Jesus, accept these children of thine, bless this new disciple, and unite our hearts in love for thee and thy kingdom as we remember thee now in this service."

He took the bread and said: "Take, eat. This is my body, broken for you. In the name of the Master, who said these words, eat, remembering his love for us."

The dying man could not lift his hand to take the bread from the plate. Philip gently placed a crumb between his lips. The sexton, still kneeling, partook and, bowing his head between his hands, sobbed. Philip poured out the wine and said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, this cup is the new testament in his blood shed for all mankind for the remission of sins." He carried the cup to the lips of the man and then gave to the sexton. The smile on the dying man's face died. The gray shadow of the last enemy was projected into the room from the setting sun of death's approaching twilight. The son of the old slave master was going to meet the mother of the man who was born into the darkness of slavery, but born again into the light of God. Perhaps, perhaps, he thought, who knows but the first news he would bring to her would be the news of that communion? Certain it is that his hand moved vaguely over the blanket. It slipped over the edge of the bed and fell upon the bowed head of the sexton and remained there as if in benediction. And so the shadow deepened, and at last it was like unto nothing else known to the sons of men on earth, and the spirit leaped out of its clay tenement with the breath of the communion wine still on the lips of the frail, perishable body.

Philip reverently raised the arm and laid it on the bed. The sexton rose, and, while the tears rolled over his face, he gazed long into the countenance of the son of his old master. No division of race now; no false and selfish prejudice here. Come, let the neighbors of the dead come in to do the last sad offices to the casket. For the soul of this disciple is in the mansions of glory, and it shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the darkness of death ever again smite it, for it shall live forever in the light of that Lamb of God who gave himself for the remission of sins and the life everlasting.

Philip did what he could on such an occasion. It was not an unusual event altogether. He had prayed by many a poor creature in the clutch of the last enemy, and he was familiar with his face in the tenements. But this particular scene had a meaning and left an impression different from any he had known before. When finally he was at liberty to go home for a little rest before the evening service, he found himself more than usually tired and sorrowful. Mrs. Strong noticed it as he came in. She made him lie down and urged him to give up his evening service.

"No, no, Sarah! I can't do that! I am prepared. I must preach! I'll get a nap, and then I'll feel better," he said.

Mrs. Strong shook her head, but Philip was determined. He slept a little, ate a little lunch, and when the time of service came he went up to the church again. As his habit was, just before the hour of beginning, he went into the little room at the side of the platform to pray by himself. When he came out and began the service, no one could have told from his manner that he was suffering physically. Even Mrs. Strong, who was watching him anxiously, felt relieved to see how quiet and composed he was.

He had commenced his sermon and had been preaching with great eloquence for ten minutes when he felt a strange dizziness and a pain in his side that made him catch his breath and clutch the side of the pulpit to keep from falling. It passed away, and he went on. It was only a slight hesitation, and no one remarked anything out of the way. For five minutes he spoke with increasing power and feeling. The church was filled. It was very quiet. Suddenly, without any warning, he threw up his arms, uttered a cry of half suppressed agony and then fell over backward. A thrill of excitement ran through the audience. For a moment no one moved; then every one rose. The men in the front pews rushed up to the platform. Mrs. Strong was already there. Philip's head was raised. Philip's old friend, the surgeon, was in the crowd, and he at once examined him. He was not dead, and the doctor at once directed the proper movement for his removal from the church. As he was being carried out into the air he revived and was able to speak.

"Take me home," he whispered to his wife, who hung over him in a terror as great as her love for him at that moment. A carriage was called, and he was taken home. The doctor remained until Philip was fully conscious.

"It was very warm, and I was very tired, and I fainted, eh, doctor? First time I ever did such a thing in my life. I am ashamed. I spoiled the service," Philip uttered this slowly and feebly when at last he had recovered enough to know where he was.

The doctor looked at him suspiciously. "You never fainted before, eh? Well, if I were you I would take care not to faint again. Take good care of him, Mrs. Strong. He needs rest. Milton could spare a dozen bad men like me better than one like the dominie."

"Doctor," cried Mrs. Strong in sudden fear, "what is the matter? Is this serious?"

"Not at all. But men like your husband are in need of watching. Take good care of him."

"Good care of him! Doctor, he will not mind me! I wanted him to stay at home tonight, but he wouldn't."

"Then put a chain and padlock on him and hold him in!" growled the surgeon. He prescribed a medicine and went away, assuring Mrs. Strong that Philip would feel much better in the morning.

The surgeon's prediction came true. Philip found himself weak the next day, but able to get about. In reply to numerous calls of inquiry for the minister Mrs. Strong was able to report that he was much better. About 11 o'clock, when the postman called, Philip was in his study lying on his lounge.

His wife brought up two letters. One of them was from his old chum. He read that first. He then laid it down and opened the other.

At that moment Mrs. Strong was called down stairs by a ring at the door. When she had answered it, she came up stairs again.

As she came into the room she was surprised at the queer look on Philip's face. Without a word he handed her the letter he had just opened and with the same look watched her face as she read it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### CRIME AGAINST GOD AND MAN.

Senator Tillman Talks About the War in the Philippines.

In accordance with previous announcement Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, delivered an address on the Philippine situation last Monday. His discussion of the subject, says the Associated Press dispatch, was general.

Senator Tillman deprecated the idea that a man is disloyal to the flag if he declares his belief that prosecution of the war in the Philippines is disloyalty to the Declaration of Independence, and said he was "ready to locate the responsibility for the blood that had been spilled. I impugn no man's motives," he said; "but whether the president be most to blame or whether the crime rests on his dupes and subversive party dependents, I say, with all the emphasis of my nature, that I and none of those who voted against the treaty are responsible for the spilling of one drop of this innocent blood that has been shed, and I will not endure patiently and without resentment any such accusation."

Senator Tillman then discussed at length the race question as it relates to the Philippines, in the course of which he expressed strong dissent from the statement made recently by Senator Morgan that the Civil war was precipitated by designing politicians, who desired to thrust the Negro with social and political equality upon the whites of the south.

Scouting the charge that the Filipinos were not capable of self-government, he said: "If the Filipino leaders and their followers, those men of affairs, men so strong in the faith of the right of men to govern themselves after our great example, that although ill-armed and without artillery, it has required 60,000 American troops over a year to drive them from the field, and even yet they have not surrendered; but have adopted a guerilla warfare—if these are not fit for self-government under our kindly tutelage, let me ask of those Republicans here, who in part are responsible for it, and who were, and are now, in absolute sympathy with it, how dared they give the control of the southern states into the hands of Negroes as being fit not only to govern themselves; but also to govern white men? If the Filipinos are children, what were, and are, the ex-slaves of the south? How dared Republicans appeal to the northern masses to compel the south to grant the Negroes a free vote and a fair count when it involved Negro rule, pure and simple?"

"Were the fruits of these sodom apples to be turned to ashes in such a brief space? Are the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to be nullified in their very essence because they failed of their purpose in the south? Are they for home use only? Is the flag to become again a 'faunting lie,' in float over a military despotism, first in the Philippines and later at home? Was the memorable conflict between slavery and freedom useless? Have we gained nothing? Is the commercial greed which dominates in our councils and coerces the president to do his bloody and dirty work to make of the constitution a new 'league with death and a covenant with hell,' in the interest of oppression akin to slavery? In order to do all these things must we 'camp outside the constitution,' and give the old interpretation of the southern slaveholders to the Declaration of Independence and nullify all precedents and decisions of our supreme court? Did this nation offer up of its best and bravest upon the altar of liberty the blood of 700,000 men, and spend five billions of treasure that we might have a 'government of the people, by the people, for the people,' to find that in the brief span of one man's life the sacrifice was vain, the Civil war a mistake, and that the colored race has no rights we are bound to respect at home and abroad?"

Adverting to Senator Beveridge's quotations from the Bible, Senator Tillman said: "I have heard that the devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes. Why, I can quote Scripture myself. (Laughter.) Verily, verily, I say unto you, senator from Indiana," pointing his finger dramatically at Senator Beveridge, who sat within a few feet of him, you cannot gather

signs from thorns, nor grapes from thistles."

"If we mete out despotism and bayonet rule to that people will it not be meted back to us? It need not be from a foreign source and it cannot be from a foreign source that the government by bayonet will ever oppress the American people. Our danger lies in familiarizing our people with despotic methods, in abandoning the American ideal and the principles of our fathers."

"The curse of bayonet rule will come back to plague you as sure as there is a God in Heaven."

In conclusion Senator Tillman said: "I protest against the continuance of this unholy war. The president has declared that upon congress rests the responsibility. He shrinks the burden of his mistake and crime, and endeavors to shift it to our shoulders. Let us give those people a government of their own, the only self-government, in whatever form they may select, and be rid of the burden as well as the shame which must be ours if we do not. Let us protect them against outside interference and in a small part compensate them for the wrong we have done them."

"In the name of Washington, of Jefferson and Lincoln, let us stop this war, which was a hideous blunder in its beginning. It is now a war of conquest, a crime in the sight of God and man."

#### SENATOR McLAURIN IN NEW YORK.

Tells About Marvelous Industrial Expansion of the South.

Senator McLaubin was one of the guests of honor at the second annual dinner of the American Asiatic association in New York city last Friday night. He responded to the toast, "The South and the Open Door to the Far East," speaking at length of the industrial growth of the south and its stimulation by trade with the Orient, he said:

"Under favorable conditions there is no limit to the industrial possibilities and progress of the south. The mills are bound to come to the cotton in the near future, and you will find every little town has a ginney, oil mill and yarn factory run by the same power and combined under one management. Add to this system cattle feeding and think what it means. There is no by-products in the world whose possibilities compare with cotton seed. The profit of such a plant would be about 33 per cent. per annum. When every neighborhood has such a plant of this kind the south will be the richest country on earth. In iron, steel and other industries remarkable progress has been made. It was confidently predicted and I fear hoped by the New England manufacturers 20 years ago, that the south would never become a manufacturing centre. The labor problem, the chief predicted obstacle, has been satisfactorily solved; cheapness and adaptability have been demonstrated. Where the New England mills pay \$1.25 per day, our mills pay 75 cents. There is no better class of citizens and no better laborers than the mill operatives of the south. They are the children of those who for four years followed Lee and Jackson without reward or hope of reward, for they were not slave owners. All efforts to use the Negro in the factories have been futile; but the Negroes are directly benefited, because the factory draws labor from the farm, thus enlarging the colored man's opportunity in a field for which he is peculiarly adapted."

"The magnificent possibilities of a commerce eagerly awaiting development is a prize worthy to be solved. The south cannot stand still and conservatively oppose commercial expansion. To do so means to go backward toward the ruinous conditions of 30 years ago."

"The unexpected and unintentional acquisition of the Philippines is to mark an epoch in the history of this country. The world's conflict in the east at this time is in reality the outgrowth of commercial competition. It is a question of markets and market places."

#### QUALITY NOT QUANTITY.

The Element That Is Most Desirable in School Teaching.

The senate did right in killing Senator Gruber's bill to keep open the public schools for six months at an expenditure of \$150. The idea that a good public school can be run for \$25 a month is so preposterous that it is a wonder that any sane man would entertain it for a moment much less seriously propose it. No teacher who is thoroughly competent to do the work would or could undertake to teach school at such a starvation price, for it means that that is about all the teacher would get for a year's work, for after working six months in the schoolroom it would be a chance if other employment could be secured for the remainder of the year.

Until we learn to appreciate the teacher at his true worth and pay him accordingly, we may expect to have poor schools. Good teachers, like good horses, have a market value, and a \$50 teacher cannot be had for \$25 any more than a \$100 horse can be bought for \$50. That's the whole situation in a nutshell. The miserable pittance paid to teachers repels rather than attracts first-class men and women to engage in teaching. A people who spend a million and a half annually for whisky and a half a million for public schools, cannot be expected to pay good prices for good teachers.—Anderson Mail.